use. I did searches using "gay" and "psych survivor" as keywords, and visited the sites that came up. I knew that Queenie would have trouble complaining about those.

One evening Caspar lingered in the office after I relieved him at a quarter to midnight. He talked about his template. He meant his type. Socrates discusses it in the Phaedrus, where he defends the mad lover. It was lover, angel and demon. Caspar said his "academic advisor" had been his type. I said the real ones always were, only they were called satyrs. Adam was mine. My Mentor, despite his smooth legs.

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Joan raved about having no head, no arms, no legs. She was short and dumpy. She thought she was hot. She had a dapper mustache like Queenie's. She wore her hair in a 50s-style bee-hive that looked half as tall as she was. She was always spraying it with one of the dozens of aerosol cans that she stored in the drawers under her bed. She also had all kinds of perfume. It was all highly flammable and Joan had a smoking problem.

During room check staff found butts and paper garbage smoldering between client's radiator and the wall. All we could do was evict her. Patricia would write her a letter.